MARVEL COMICS

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$1.75 US
$2.25 CAN
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UK £1.20

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A MURDERER STALKS--

NOMAD™

DRESSED TO KILL!

30 YEARS X-MEN 1963-1993

Welcome to

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America. Stan Lee presents NOMAD

TOOK ME FOUR DAYS TO HITCH FROM *PHOENIX* TO *ALBU-QUERQUE.*

HIGHWAYS RUNNING FOREVER THROUGH MIRAGE-HEAT DESERT, ENDING NOWHERE...

...AND GOING NOWHERE?

AT THE VERY *LEAST,* TO SOMEWHERE THAT HAS A COLD DRAFT IN A FROSTED MUG.

Lillian's

1ST WED. OF EACH MONTH WELCOME ALL Flatsies!

AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY--AND IT'S STILL OPEN--

--WHICH MAKES IT A *BETTER* PLACE THAN ANY IN THIS CITY.

NOMAD™ Vol. 2, No. 11, March, 1993. (ISSN #1064-4288) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.75 per copy in the U.S. and $2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $21.00; Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. All other foreign countries must add $12.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. NOMAD (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO NOMAD, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.** Printed in Canada.

CRISS CROSS

FABIAN NICIEZA *MANICURE*
RICK MAYS *MAKE-UP ARTIST*
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS *RUSHED*
TOM SMITH *TOO MUCH ROUGE*
GLENN HERDLING *CORSET KING*
TOM DeFALCO *LACE LASS*

OKAY, FINE.

WHAT DID I JUST WALK INTO?

A BAR WITH A *LOT* OF *MEN* WEARING A LOT OF *SKIRTS*.

RESTROO

GEGSHOO WOOO ?

DEAD BANG!

ANNIE L

Imported Beer

YEAH, NO KIDDING.

EVEN *BUCKY* KNOWS I SHOULDN'T BE TAKING THE NEXT STEP FOWARD.

BUT, AS USUAL, I *DO*.

RESTROOMS

BASS ALE, ON TAP ?

YOU GOT IT.

"FLATSIES" ?

YOU DIDN'T *KNOW* WHEN YOU WALKED IN ?

OUT OF TOWNER.

FLATSIES: *FUN-LOVING ALBUQUERQUE TRANSVESTITES*.

WONDERFUL.

COULD YOU WARM THE BABY'S BOTTLE UP FOR ME?

THERE COULD BE *WORSE* PLACES TO KILL AN HOUR.

AT LEAST THIS'LL MAKE FOR SOME *VERY* INTERESTING CONVERSATION SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD.

WHOA! THIS ONE DID A *REALLY* GOOD JOB!

YOU HERE BY MISTAKE?

YEAH. YOU?

MY HUSBAND.

HUSBAND?

I THOUGHT THIS WAS-- YOU KNOW-- A GAY THING.

CROSS-DRESSING? IT IS FOR SOME, BUT FOR MOST IT'S JUST THE CHANCE TO BE SOMETHING *DIFFERENT* FOR A NIGHT.

AND IN ALBU-QUERQUE, YOU CAN BE DIFFERENT ONE NIGHT A MONTH?

AT LEAST IN PUBLIC.

ANNIE LE

THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER YOU MUCH.

IT'S THE NINETIES, RIGHT?

BOTTLE'S READY, BUB.

THANKS.

SHE'S NOT MUCH OF A COMPLAINER, BUT I KNOW WHEN SHE'S HUNGRY.

SURE-FIRE WAY TO DRAW A CROWD AND DO A LITTLE TALKING.

AND DOING A LITTLE TALKING IS A SURE-FIRE WAY TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND.

I WANDER, I MINGLE, I LISTEN.

OVER THE LAST TWO MONTHS, TWO TRANSVESTITES HAVE BEEN *KILLED* ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM THEIR MONTHLY NIGHT OUT HERE.

I'M LOOKING AT A MAN WHO HAS *KILLED* BEFORE.

EVERYONE HERE IS POINTING TOWARD *ONE* MAN--

-- A FORMER *SPECIAL FORCES* MEMBER WHO WAS KICKED OUT OF THE ARMY FOR BEING HOMO-SEXUAL.

HIS NAME'S *COLT VARNEY*.

IS HE KILLING *AGAIN*?

I HANG FOR A WHILE, MOST EVERYONE LEAVES RELATIVELY EARLY.

IT *IS* A WEEKNIGHT, AND MOST OF THESE PEOPLE *ARE* NINE-TO-FIVERS.

THE TWO MEN WHO WERE KILLED WERE FIRST-TIMERS... *ROOKIES*.

THIS MONTH'S *ONLY* ROOKIE JUST LEFT.

AND WHAT A COINCIDENCE, VARNEY GETS UP TO FOLLOW HIM OUT.

SO I THROW A LINCOLN TO THE BARTENDER WHO'S BEEN PRETTY PATIENT WITH BUCKY ALL NIGHT--

-- AND I FOLLOW VARNEY OUT.

I GIVE THEM A FEW YARDS.

WANT TO SCOPE VARNEY OUT, SEE HOW GOOD HE IS.

KAPOW

$#%@

000-000

I SHOULD'VE HUGGED THE TAIL TIGHTER!

GREAT--HE'S FAST, COLD--*AND* COCKY!

I COVER THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US IN A BLINK.

VARNEY MAY BE FORMER SPECIAL FORCES, BUT *I'M* FORMER *SUPER-SOLDIER!*

AND THAT MEANS IT'S NO CONTEST.

THE GUN WASN'T FIRED.

VARNEY DIDN'T DO THE SHOOTING.

OR MAYBE IT *IS* A CONTEST.

KRAK!

IDIOT-- I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

CHECK THE GUN OUT!

BARREL'S COLD. CHAMBER'S FULL.

SO WHO ICED THE ROOKIE?

VARNEY AND I BOTH GIVE OUR STATEMENTS.

I CAN TELL THE COPS DON'T LIKE EITHER ONE OF US VERY MUCH.

THE COPS SHOW UP, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE TOO MUCH.

VARNEY TAKES OFF, AND I CAN'T TELL IF HIS ANGER AT MISSING THE KILLER IS GENUINE OR NOT.

HARD TO TELL WHEN A GUY'S BEING SINCERE IF HE HAS *HOSE* AND *HEELS* ON.

WAIT--YOU--MISTER WITH THE BABY--*WAIT!*

THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND FROM THE BAR.

MY NAME'S *HERB SEIGAL*.

PLEASE COME BY MY OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING--

--I'D LIKE TO WITH YOU ABOUT ALL OF--THIS.

HERBERT SEIGAL ALBUQUERQUE SAVINGS

A CHEAP HOTEL FOR THE NIGHT, A COFFEE AND CARROT MUFFIN FOR BREAKFAST.

ALBUQUERQUE SAVINGS & LOAN

THEN I TAKE HERB, THE BANKER, UP ON HIS INVI-TATION.

AND I DON'T EVEN CRACK A JOKE ABOUT HIS MANAGING AN S&L.

PLEASE SIT, MR.--?

CALL ME JACK.

JACK. I'M HERB.

I'M SURE YOU'RE *CURIOUS* AS TO WHY I ASKED YOU HERE.

I *KNOW* WHY YOU ASKED ME HERE.

THREE MURDERS IN THREE MONTHS. YOU WANT A KILLER STOPPED.

WE DON'T WANT THE *PUBLICITY* OF A TRIAL.

WE WANT THE KILLER... *ELIMINATED.*

I *DON'T* DO EXTERMINATION WORK.

THEN JUST GET HIM OUT OF TOWN AND LET SOMEONE *ELSE* WORRY ABOUT HIM.

I NEED A COMPLETE LIST OF YOUR GROUP'S MEMBERSHIP.

THIS MUST BE USED UNDER THE *STRICTEST* OF CONFIDENCE.

NO PROBLEM.

YOU HAVE FOUR WEEKS TO FIND THIS KILLER, JACK.

MOST OF THE JOB REQUIRES JUST TALKING AND LISTENING TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FLATSIES.

DOCTOR P. OBERTFELT

SOME OF THEM DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH ME, BUT MOST OF THEM ARE WILLING--EVEN *EAGER*-- TO HELP FIND THIS KILLER.

I START TO REALIZE THAT THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE-- LIKE ALL OF US -- THEY COME FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE--

--ALL ECONOMIC AND RACIAL BACK-GROUNDS --

July 1990

--SOME HAVE THEIR LIVES TOGETHER, SOME ARE FALLING APART.

IN THE THREE WEEKS I SPEND DIGGING INTO THIS JOB, I COME TO REALIZE THESE MEN PRETTY MUCH SEEM TO SHARE *THREE* THINGS IN COMMON --

-- FIRST, THEY ARE MEN WHO LIKE -- SOME SAY EVEN *NEED* -- TO DRESS UP IN WOMEN'S CLOTHING AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH --

-- SECOND THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON IS *FEAR*--

-- THEY ARE AFRAID OF FINDING THIS KILLER AND IN SOME WAY BEING PUBLICLY *"OUTED."*

THEY ARE AFRAID OF *NOT* FINDING THE KILLER AND BECOMING A STATISTIC THEMSELVES.

AND THE LAST THING THEY SHARE IS A FIRM BELIEF THAT THEY *KNOW* WHO THEIR KILLER IS AND HE'S FLAUNTING IT IN THEIR FACES --

--ALL FINGERS POINT TOWARD *COLT VARNEY.*

THE NEXT FLATSY MEETING IS IN THREE DAYS.

179

I DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF EVI-DENCE AND YARNEY DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A RECORD I COULD DIG INTO.

C.VARNEY 301

S.SAMMS 303

S.OILER 305

SO I DECIDE TO CONFRONT HIM AS DIRECTLY AS POSSIBLE.

NOK NOK

301

YEAH -- WHO IS --

301

FWUMPH

HEY!

HEY!

HE'S BUILT LIKE A *BUICK* WEARING HEELS, SO I DON'T WANT TO MESS AROUND WITH HIM.

BUT EVEN A DYED-IN-THE-WOOL JADED CYNIC LIKE *ME* CAN GET CAUGHT OFF-GUARD ONCE IN A WHILE.

WHAGGA

JUST EXACTLY WHAT THE *%$# IS **YOUR** PROBLEM, BUDDY?

YOU HAVE TO COME CLEAN ABOUT A FEW THINGS.

TP

COMING S

AH, CLEAN **THIS!**

WOOOMPH

COLT-- *DON'T*--HE HAS A **BABY!**

MISTER--YOU *CRAZY* OR SOMETHING, FIGHTING HIM WITH A BABY?

I'M GETTING LECTURED BY SOMETHING OUT OF VICTOR/VICTORIA'S SECRETS.

HERE, HOLD BUCKY FOR A SECOND.

I HAVE TO GO KICK YOUR BOYFRIEND'S BUTT IN.

C'MON, THEN, PUNK--!

NO HOLDING BACK?

YOU HOLD BACK? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

OKAY, I'LL MAKE YOU *CHOKE* ON *TEETH* INSTEAD.

TP 3
COMING SOON

SWAK

OR HOW ABOUT BREATHE SOME *BLOOD* THROUGH YOUR *NOSE*?

ARMY SPECIAL FORCES CAN KISS MY WHITE BUTT!

COMPARED TO THE THINGS *I'VE* BEEN THROUGH -- THIS GUY HAS *NOTHING* ON ME!

EXCEPT MAYBE *ONE* THING...

MY STUFF!

ALBUQUERQUE NEWS
TRANSVESTITE SLAIN

PHOTOS

NOTES

...A *PAST*.

A PAST WHICH INCLUDES PHOTOS OF VARNEY WITH THE FIRST MURDER VICTIM.

LET'S HEAR IT, VARNEY!

EVERYONE THINKS *YOU'RE* DOING THE KILLINGS--

-- AND NOW I SEE YOU KNEW THE FIRST VICTIM--

-- WHAT'S THE DEAL HERE?!

I AIN'T DOING THEM, MAN.

I'M TRYING TO *STOP* IT.

THEN ALL THIS IS RESEARCH?

PARTLY... BUT NOT TOTALLY.

THE FIRST VICTIM WAS NAMED *RANDY ELLISON*.

YEARS AGO, HE WAS MY... *COMPANION*...

... THE REASON I GOT KICKED OUT OF THE ARMY.

THE NIGHT HE WAS KILLED WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN HIM IN TWO YEARS.

HE WASN'T TOO THRILLED TO SEE ME, THOUGH--

--MUCH LESS AT A FLATSY NIGHT OUT

AND AFTER HE WAS KILLED--

--THE THINGS I WANTED TO SAY TO HIM--

--THE THINGS I NEEDED TO APOLOGIZE FOR--

IS VARNEY A JILTED LOVER? IS HE THE KILLER OR NOT? I DON'T KNOW.

I *DO* KNOW THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* TO DRAW THIS KILLER OUT.

HE ONLY SHOOTS *ROOKIES*. FIRST-TIMERS TO THE SOCIETY.

WHICH MEANS, OF COURSE, THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR *EVERYTHING*...

FWHOO

FEKT-KA-KA!

KA-KA IS RIGHT, KIDDO.

PSYLOCKE #2 OF 4

SO I'LL HAVE TO DROP HER OFF WITH VARNEY'S BOYFRIEND--

I TRIED HOOKING UP WITH THE *UNDERGROUNDERS* NETWORK HERE TO SEE IF THEY COULD HELP ME OUT WITH THE *BUCKSTER*, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK.

--AND THEN BECOME WHAT *ALL* WOMEN BECOME WHEN THEY GO OUT CLUBBING-- *PREY* FOR THE NIGHT.

9:30 ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH.

HERB CALLED ME EARLIER TO ASK ME IF I WAS ANY CLOSER.

Lillian's

I TOLD HIM NO. HE ASKED ME WHAT I PLANNED TO DO ABOUT IT.

I TOLD HIM I'D BE KEEPING A *REAL* CLOSE WATCH DURING THE NIGHT.

ROOKIE.

I JUST DIDN'T TELL HIM I'D BE DOING IT FROM THE *INSIDE*.

ROOKIE.

HOW OLD?

YOUNG. TWENTY TWO OR THREE-- FIVE TOPS.

ATTENTION IS SHOWERED ON ME FROM EVERYONE AROUND.

IT'S THEIR WAY OF PROPOGATING INTEREST IN THE SOCIETY.

IF A ROOKIE IS WELL-TREATED, NOT ONLY WILL THEY COME BACK AGAIN, THEY MIGHT ALSO BRING FRIENDS.

LIKE ANY CLUB, MEMBERSHIP GROWTH IS ALL-IMPORTANT.

SO I WORK LILLIAN'S LIKE I'M LOVING IT.

BUT MY PANTY-HOSE KEEPS RIDING UP ON ME AND THESE *HEELS* ARE *KILLING* ME!

ESPECIALLY IN A CLUB LIKE THIS ONE-- AND ESPECIALLY WHEN THE LAST THREE NEW MEMBERS HAVE BEEN KILLED OFF.

HERB COMES UP TO ME.

I'M READY TO TELL HIM TO PLAY IT COOL WHEN A FUNNY THING HAPPENS...

WELL, HELLOOO THERE.

IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE A FIRST-TIMER. I'M HERB -- BUT YOU CALL ME *HELOISE*.

AMAZING WHAT A *SHAVE* AND A LITTLE *MAKE-UP* CAN DO FOR A BOY.

HERB DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.

I'M--UHM-- JACKIE--I GUESS.

YOU SHOULDN'T'VE COME, JACKIE. *BIG* MISTAKE.

NEVER MIND MY WIFE, JACKIE-- SHE'S JUST *JEALOUS* --

COME BACK-- WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

NO.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE--

FWU SH

HELOISE...

... WHEN A BOY *SAYS* NO-- HE MEANS *NO!*

I FIGURE IF THE KILLER *IS* IN THIS ROOM RIGHT NOW, THE BEST WAY TO DRAW THEM OUT IS TO MAKE MYSELF *STAND OUT*.

WHICH IS SOMETHING I *NEVER* THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE TO SAY OR DO WHILE RUINING MY ANKLES IN THESE SHOES!

I LEAVE AROUND MIDNIGHT.

AND I LEAVE ENOUGH PEOPLE STILL INSIDE SO THEY *ALL* NOTICED I'VE WALKED.

THE ONLY WAY I COULD'VE BEEN *MORE* OBVIOUS ABOUT WANTING TO BE PURSUED IS IF I'D LEFT A *GLASS SLIPPER* BEHIND.

Welcome to Lota Burger

NOW COMES THE REAL HIGH-RISK PART OF THE PLAN--

-- I'M WALKING *BAIT* FOR A KILLER--

--AND MY *BACK-UP* IS A MAN WHO MIGHT VERY WELL *BE* THE KILLER!

KEEP WALKING, JACK.

YOU'RE FINE.

ONE EARRING IS A *MIC*, THE OTHER IS A *RECEIVER*.

JUST DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES--

WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT--?

KAPOW

WHAT--?!

I GOT 'IM-- HE'S ON THE ROOF ABOVE TANG'S!

MOVE IT, JACK--HE'S CLEARING INTO THE SHADOWS!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU GOT HIM!

I DID. BUT I SHOT HIS *HAND*.

NOT A KNEE OR SOME-THING?

HIS *KNEE* WASN'T ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER AND BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF.

GREAT.

%☆&*$# HEELS.

THIS IS GOING TO PUT A RUN IN MY STOCKINGS FOR SURE.

ONLY ONE STAIRWELL OUT OF TANG'S--

--OFF THE SIDE ALLEY--

WHOOOMPH!

YOU--?!

HERB'S WIFE?!

SMAK!

WHY?

SHE DOESN'T BOTHER TO ANSWER ME IN SO MANY WORDS.

.22 CALIBER IN HER SLEEVE.

AT *THIS* RANGE, MORE THAN ENOUGH HORSEPOWER TO YOGURT MY BRAINS ON THE PAVEMENT.

EH?

KA POW

VARNEY--?!

SAME THING I ASKED.

WHY'D SHE DO IT?

IF I HAD TO TAKE A GUESS--

--I'D SAY IT'S BECAUSE SHE REALIZED *NO ONE* SHOULD HAVE TO BE FORCED TO DRESS LIKE *THIS*--

--JUST BECAUSE SOCIETY *EXPECTS* THEM TO.

THE *WORST* PART ABOUT IT ALL-- BEYOND THE WASTE, THE CONFUSION, THE MURDERS--

--IS, THE FACT THAT I FOUND THE *SILK UNDERWEAR* KIND OF *COMFORTABLE*...

END

完

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — HECTOR COLLAZO: SIDEKICK
C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Dear Nomads,

This book has emerged as the most pleasant surprise of 1992. I did not particularly like the NOMAD limited series, and I only picked up issue #1 for collector's purposes. Well, here it is with issue #5, and I'm still along for the ride. Fabian has once again made silk from a sow's ear. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, considering that this is the same writer who somehow made the NEW WARRIORS worth reading. One only needs to read the letters page to determine that Fabian's books are more story-driven than art-dependent. While the art has been fantastic, people are more interested in commenting on the story which must be a strong comment on Fabian's writing skills.

There is one issue that I feel needs addressing, however, and that is, "What is to be done about Bucky?" So far the most positive influence we have seen her with has been Legs. I've got to be honest in saying this is probably not the most ideal situation in which to raise a child. As difficult as it may be for Jack to admit, Bucky has got to be given to the authorities. Think of the "role models" she has had in these last two issues alone. Outside of Jack's dubious influence, she has had to cope with Bushwhacker, Chainsaw, and the Punisher. You had better find her a proper home or you will have to deal with the Geraldo episode of the century about fifteen years down the road. Thanks for listening.

Daniel Kelly
RR #2
Spencerville, Ontario
Canada, KOE IXO

The biggest problem that we have with Jack giving Bucky over to the authorities, Dan, is everyone expects us to do just that. Guess we'll have to leave it to Fabian to come up with a new twist on the "Bucky" front, no? Or should we just give our readers what they expect? We think not!

Dear Glenn,

Having just read the latest issue of NOMAD (issue #6, that is), I just had to take some time to write you a letter, and let you know what I thought about it. When I first saw Jack Monroe as Nomad way back in CAPTAIN AMERICA, I wasn't impressed. All right, he wore a nifty costume, but apart from that, he wasn't a super hero. Now, a few years later, I'm glad you decided to go the opposite direction. Nomad is not a hero gifted with fancy powers, he's more like the Punisher or Daredevil--now tell me, was it more than coincidence these three teamed up in "Dead Man's Hand?"

The Nomad/Daredevil/Punisher team-up was absolutely fantastic. Even though these guys have so much in common, they are so different! Daredevil stands for justice and order, while the Punisher stands for vengeance and chaos. Poor Nomad is somewhere in-between. Jack had the opportunity to kill the Slug in cold blood, just like the Punisher would have, but deep within himself he knew that killing someone in cold blood was not something he could do. Even if the person was a criminal. I'm glad Jack chose not to kill the Slug. There are already too many vigilantes like the Punisher. We don't need another blood-spilling anti-hero.

Anyway, you've got me hooked, and I'm planning to stay with this book for a long time to come. NOMAD has got great story potential, and I'm sure you will use it wisely. See you in thirty!

Olav Beemer
Brugakker 36-06
3704 LP Zeist
The Netherlands, Europe

In the past we have shown that Jack is capable of cold-blooded murder/execution of his enemies, but now Jack has rejected that mentality. He's not the Punisher, and he's not pious. He just wanders the roads in-between justice and vengeance looking for a place to call his own.

Dear NOMAD Crew,

Despite Fabian Nicieza writing every book in the Marvel Universe these days, I think he's doing his best work in NOMAD. I've been following Jack Monroe's adventures ever since his Bucky Days, and to be honest, I never figured the character was strong enough to carry his own book. Nicieza proves me wrong, as he puts enough strong players and plotlines in the mix to make this one of the few current Marvels worth buying.

Take NOMAD #7, "Airport Insecurity." I didn't read any of the "Infinity War" stuff, so I'm not sure who this faux-Gambit vampire is, but that didn't matter in order to follow the story. Especially enjoyable was the character of Vernon Hatchway, F.B.I. His wise-acre attitude and multitude of jokes made him one of my favorite new characters introduced this year. His "plastique in the parachute" was a funny and unique solution to the villain problem. I hope we haven't seen the last of this guy. He's the most critically hip F.B.I. guy since Agent Cooper.

My only complaint about this issue is the interruption of S. Clarke Hawbaker's magnificent pencils. Mike Harris is a fine artist, but art as great as Hawbaker's should be allowed to dominate this book from beginning to end. I realize the problem was probably Hawbaker's inability to finish the art on time, but stuff this good is worth waiting for. If he can't draw NOMAD full time, I look forward to any and all fill-ins he can handle.

From the hilarious quips to the innovative plots and characters, this is one of Marvel's best comics, and one I look forward to every month. Please keep pushing the envelope on this one.

Jerry Smith
5487 Carry Back Dr.
Burlington, KY 41005

You'll see more of Vernon Hatchway from time to time (last issue, for instance!), Jerry, and you'll be seeing a little more of Jack's crazy side in the future also. As for S. Clarke Hawbaker, well, we're still trying to get him to sit down and work on a fill-in issue for us, but because of his unusual work schedule, we can't make any promises. We'll let you know when we think it'll happen.

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(REQUIRED BY 39 U.S.C. 3685)

Title of Publication: NOMAD
1B. Publication No.: 008-667
2. Date of Filing: October 1, 1992
3. Frequency of issue: MONTHLY
3A. No. of issues published annually: 12
3B. Annual subscription price: $21.00/12 issues
4. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016.
5. Complete address of the headquarters of general business offices of the publisher: Same.
6. Full names and complete mailing address of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Stan Lee, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. Editor: Glenn Herdling, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. Managing Editor: N/A.
7. Owner (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses on stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.) 60% of Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. is owned by Mafco Holdings Inc., an affiliate of MacAndrews & Forbes Holding, Inc., 38 East 63rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. The balance of Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. is publicly owned and its shares of stock are traded on the New York Stock Exchange.
8. Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:
9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (DMM Section 424.12 only). The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes. (Check one.) □ Has not changed during preceding 12 months. □ Has changed during preceding 12 months. (If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)
10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION.

	Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months:	Actual no. of single issue nearest to filing date:
A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run)	179,283	318,800
B. Paid and/or requested Circulation: 1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	117,142	186,900
2) Mail subscriptions	75	300
C. Total Paid and/or requested Circulation (sum of 10B1 and 10B2)	117,217	187,200
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	104	250
E. Total Distribution (sum of C and D)	117,321	187,450
F. Copies Not Distributed: 1) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	208	500
2) Return from News Agents	61,754	130,850
G. Total (sum of E, F1 and 2 should equal net press run shown in A)	179,283	318,800

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(signed) Diane Rivera — Asst. VP Subscriptions